For these two heads doe seeme to speake to me,
And threat me, I shall neuer come to blisse,
Till all these mischiefes be returnd againe,
Euen in their throats that haue committed them.
Come let me see what taske I haue to doe,
You heauie people, circle me about,
That I may turne me to each one of you,
And sweare vnto my soule to right your wrongs,
The vow is made, come Brother take a head,
And in this hand the other will I beare.
And *Lauinia* thou shalt be imployd in these Armes,
Beare thou my hand sweet wench betweene thy teeth:
As for thee boy, goe get thee from my sight,
Thou art an Exile, and thou must not stay,
Hie to the *Gothes*, and raise an army there,
And if you loue me, as I thinke you doe,
Let's kisse and part, for we haue much to doe.

Exeunt.

Lucius. Farwell *Andronicus* my noble Father;
The wofullst man that euer liude in Rome:
Farewell proud Rome till *Lucius* come againe,
He loues his pledges dearer then his life:
Farewell *Lauinia* my noble sister,
O would thou wert as thou to fore hast bene,
But now nor *Lucius* nor *Lauinia* liues
But in obliuion and hatefull griefes:
If *Lucius* liue he will requite your wrongs,
And make proud *Saturnine* and his Empresse
Beg at the gates like *Tarquin* and his Queene.
Now will I to the Gothes and raise a power,
To be reuengd on Rome and *Saturnine*.

Exit Lucius.

Enter

Enter Lucius sonne and Lauinia running after him, and the boy flies from her with his bookes vnder his arme.

Enter Titus and Marcus.

Puer. Helpe Grandsier helpe, my Aunt *Lauinia*,
Followes me euery where I know not why.
Good Vncle *Marcus* see how swift she comes,
Alas sweet Aunt, I know not what you meane.
Marcus. Stand by me *Lucius*, doe not feare thine aunt.
Titus. She loues thee boy too well to do thee harme.
Puer. I when my father was in Rome she did.
Marcus What meanes my Neece *Lauinia* by these signes?
Titus. Feare her not *Lucius* somewhat doth she meane.
See *Lucius* see, how much she makes of thee:
Some whether would she haue thee goe with her.
Ah boy, *Cornelia* neuer with more care
Red to her sonnes then she hath red to thee,
Sweet Poetry, and Tullies Oratour:
Canst thou not gesse wherefore she plies thee thus?
Puer. My Lord I know not I, nor can I gesse,
Vnlesse some fit or frenzie do possesse her:
For I haue heard my Grandsier say full oft,
Extremitie of griefes would make men mad.
And I haue red that *Hecuba* of Troy,
Ran mad through sorrow, that made me to feare
Although my Lord, I know my noble Aunt,
Loues me as deare as ere my mother did,
And would not but in fury fright my youth,
Which made me downe to throw my bookes and flie,
Causles perhaps, but pardon me sweet Aunt,
And Madam, if my Vncle *Marcus* goe,